

I thought my Mother, and my Brother *Torke*,  
Would long ere this, haue met vs on the way.  
Fie, what a Slug is *Hastings*, that he comes not  
To tell vs, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord *Hastings*.

*Buck.* And in good time, heere comes the sweating  
Lord.

*Prince.* Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother  
come?

*Hast.* On what occasion God he knowes, not I;  
The Queene your Mother, and your Brother *Torke*,  
Haue taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince  
Would faine haue come with me, to meet your Grace,  
But by his Mother was perforce withheld.

*Buck.* Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course  
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace  
Perswade the Queene, to send the Duke of *Yorke*  
Vnto his Princely Brother presently?  
If she denie, Lord *Hastings* goe with him,  
And from her ialous Armes pluck him perforce.

*Card.* My Lord of *Buckingham*, if my weake Oratorie  
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of *Yorke*,  
Anon expect him here: but if he be obdurate  
To milde entreaties, God forbid  
We should infringe the holy Priuiledge  
Of blessed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,  
Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.

*Buck.* You are too fencelesse obstinate, my Lord,  
Too ceremonious, and traditionall.  
Weigh it but with the grossenesse of this Age,  
You breake not Sanctuary, in seizing him:  
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted  
To those, whose dealings haue deseru'd the place,  
And those who haue the wit to claime the place:  
This Prince hath neyther claym'd it, nor deseru'd it,  
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot haue it.  
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,  
You breake no Priuiledge, nor Charter there:  
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuary men,  
But Sanctuary children, ne're till now.

*Card.* My Lord, you shall o're-rule my mind for once.  
Come on, Lord *Hastings*, will you goe with me?

*Hast.* I goe, my Lord. Exit Cardinall and *Hastings*.

*Prince.* Good Lords, make all the speedie hast you may.  
Say, Vnckle *Glocester*, if our Brother come,  
Where shall we sojourne, till our Coronation?

*Glo.* Where it think't best vnto your Royall selfe.  
If I may counsaile you, some day or two  
Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:  
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit  
For your best health, and recreation.

*Prince.* I doe not like the Tower, of any place:  
Did *Iulius Caesar* build that place, my Lord?

*Buck.* He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,  
Which since, succeeding Ages haue re-edify'd.

*Prince.* Is it vpon record? or else reported  
Successiue from age to age, he built it?

*Buck.* Vpon record, my gracious Lord.

*Prince.* But say, my Lord, it were not registred,  
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,  
As 'twere retayl'd to all posteritie,

Euen to the generall ending day.

*Glo.* So wife, so young, they say doe neuer liue long.

*Prince.* What say you, Vnckle?

*Glo.* I say, without Characters, Fame liues long.  
Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquitie,  
I morallize two meanings in one word.

*Prince.* That *Iulius Caesar* was a famous man,  
With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,  
His Wit set downe, to make his Valour liue:  
Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror,  
For now he liues in Fame, though not in Life.

*Buck.* What, my gracious Lord?

*Prince.* And if I liue vntill I be a man,  
Ile win our ancient Right in France againe,  
Or dye a Souldier, as I liu'd a King.

*Glo.* Short Summers lightly haue a forward Spring.

Enter young *Torke*, *Hastings*, and Cardinall.

*Buck.* Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of  
*Yorke*.

*Prince.* *Richard* of *Yorke*, how fares our Noble Bro-  
ther?

*Torke.* Well, my deare Lord, so must I call you now.  
*Prince.* I, Brother, to our griefe, as it is yours:  
Too late he dy'd, that might haue kept that Title,  
Which by his death hath lost much Maiestie.

*Glo.* How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of *Yorke*?

*Torke.* I thanke you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord,  
You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth:

The Prince, my Brother, hath out-growne me farre.

*Glo.* He hath, my Lord.

*Torke.* And therefore is he idle?

*Glo.* Oh my faire Cousin, I must not say so.

*Torke.* Then he is more beholding to you, then I.

*Glo.* He may command me as my Soueraigne,

But you haue power in me, as in a Kinsman.

*Torke.* I pray you, Vnckle, giue me this Dagger.

*Glo.* My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my heart.

*Prince.* A Begger, Brother?

*Torke.* Of my kind Vnckle, that I know will giue,

And being but a Toy, which is no griefe to giue.

*Glo.* A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Cousin.

*Torke.* A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.

*Glo.* I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.

*Torke.* O then I see, you will part but with light gifts,

In weightier things you'll say a Begger nay.

*Glo.* It is too weightie for your Grace to weare.

*Torke.* I weigh it lightly, were it heauier.

*Glo.* What, would you haue my Weapon, little Lord?

*Torke.* I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you  
call me.

*Glo.* How?

*Torke.* Little.

*Prince.* My Lord of *Yorke* will still be crosse in talke:

Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.

*Torke.* You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:

Vnckle, my Brother mockes both you and me,

Because that I am little, like an Ape,

He thinkes that you should beare me on your shoulders.

*Buck.* With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons:

To mitigate the scorne he giues his Vnckle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe:

So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull.

*Glo.* My Lord, wilt please you passe along?

My selfe, and my good Cousin *Buckingham*,

Will to your Mother, to entreat of her

To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

*Torke.* What,

*Torke.* What, will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord?

*Prince.* My Lord Protector will haue it so.

*Torke.* I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.

*Glo.* Why, what should you feare?

*Torke.* Marry, my Vnckle *Clarence* angry Ghost:

My Grandam told me he was murder'd there.

*Prince.* I feare no Vnckles dead.

*Glo.* Nor none that liue, I hope.

*Prince.* And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.

But come my Lord: and with a heauie heart,

Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.

A Sener. Exeunt *Prince*, *Torke*, *Hastings*, and *Dorset*.

Manet *Richard*, *Buckingham*, and *Catesby*.

*Buck.* Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating *Torke*

Was not incensed by his subtile Mother,

To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,

Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable:

Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe.

*Buck.* Well, let them rest: Come hither *Catesby*,

Thou art sworne as deeply to effect what we intend,

As closely to conceale what we impart:

Thou know'st our reasons vrg'd vpon the way.

What think'st thou? is it not an easie matter,

To make *William* Lord *Hastings* of our minde,

For the installment of this Noble Duke

In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile?

*Cates.* He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,

That he will not be wonne to ought against him.

*Buck.* What think'st thou then of *Stanley*? Will

not hee?

*Cates.* Hee will doe all in all as *Hastings* doth.

*Buck.* Well then, no more but this:

Goe gentle *Catesby*, and as it were farre off,

Sound thou Lord *Hastings*,

How he doth stand affected to our purpose,

And summon him to morrow to the Tower,

To sit about the Coronation.

If thou do'st finde him tractable to vs,

Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:

If he be leaden, ycie, cold, vnwilling,

Be thou so too, and so breake off the talke,

And giue vs notice of his inclination:

For we to morrow hold diuided Councils,

Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employ'd.

*Rich.* Commend me to Lord *William*: tell him *Catesby*,

His ancient Knot of dangerous Aduersaries

To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,

And bid my Lord, for ioy of this good newes,

Giue Mistress *Shore* one gentle Kisse the more.

*Buck.* Good *Catesby*, goe effect this businesse soundly.

*Cates.* My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.

*Rich.* Shall we heare from you, *Catesby*, ere we sleepe?

*Cates.* You shall, my Lord.

*Rich.* At *Crasby* House, there shall you find vs both.

Exit *Catesby*.

*Buck.* Now, my Lord,

What shall wee doe, if wee perceiue

Lord *Hastings* will not yeeld to our Complots?

*Rich.* Chop off his Head:

Something wee will determine:

And looke when I am King, claime thou of me

The Earldome of Hereford, and all the moueables

Whereof the King, my Brother, was posselt.

*Buck.* Ile claime that promise at your Graces hand.  
*Rich.* And looke to haue it yeelded with all kindnesse.  
Come, let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards  
Wee may digest our complots in some forme.

Exeunt.

## Scena Secunda.

Enter a Messenger to the Doore of *Hastings*.

*Mess.* My Lord, my Lord.

*Hast.* Who knockes?

*Mess.* One from the Lord *Stanley*.

*Hast.* What is't a Clocke?

*Mess.* Vpon the stroke of foure.

Enter Lord *Hastings*.

*Hast.* Cannot my Lord *Stanley* sleepe these tedious  
Nights?

*Mess.* So it appeares, by that I haue to say:

First, he commends him to your Noble selfe.

*Hast.* What then?

*Mess.* Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night

He dreamt, the Bore had ras'd off his Helme:

Besides, he sayes there are two Councils kept;

And that may be determin'd at the one,

Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.

Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure,

If you will presently take Horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the North,

To shun the danger that his Soule diuines.

*Hast.* Goe fellow, goe, returne vnto thy Lord,

Bid him not feare the seperated Councell:

His Honor and my selfe are at the one,

And at the other, is my good friend *Catesby*;

Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth vs,

Whereof I shall not haue intelligence:

Tell him his Feares are shallow, without instance.

And for his Dreames, I wonder hee's so simple,

To trust the mock'ry of vnquiet slumbers.

To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursues,

Were to incense the Bore to follow vs,

And make pursuit, where he did meane no chase.

Goe, bid thy Master rise, and come to me,

And we will both together to the Tower,

Where he shall see the Bore will vse vs kindly.

*Mess.* Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say.

Exit.

Enter *Catesby*.

*Cates.* Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.

*Hast.* Good morrow *Catesby*, you are early stirring:

What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State?

*Cates.* It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:

And I beleue will neuer stand vpright,

Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Realme.

*Hast.* How weare the Garland?

Doe'st thou meane the Crowne?

*Cates.* I, my good Lord.

*Hast.* Ile haue this Crowne of mine cut fro' my shoulders,

Before Ile see the Crowne so foule mis-plac'd:

But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it?

*Cates.* I.